

VOL. 1, NO. 33

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

WLS Barn Dance Show Friday

New Bank Facilities for All

The Camp Anza facility operated by the Bank of America N.T. & S.A. is now located in the building adjacent to the Finance Office. Here military and civilian personnel of this post and the Arlington Special Training Center may avail themselves of the advantages offered. Checking and savings accounts may be opened, and War Bonds and Stamps, money orders, travellers cheques, etc., can be purchased.

For your convenience, personal checks, pay checks, postal orders, express orders, etc., will be cashed gratis. Furthermore a representative of the bank is on hand at all times to assist anyone with banking problems.

These facilities are available daily from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m., Saturday 10-12 noon.

— ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS —

ASTC Officers Feted at Formal

The Officer's Club of Anza was the scene of a gala formal reception and dance last Saturday night, in honor of Lt. Col. B. B. Bain, Commanding Officer of the Arlington Special Training Center and Lt. Col. Harold M. Sutherland, Executive Officer of A.S.T.C.

Approximately 250 officers and guests, of both Anza and A.S.T.C. were present.

Music was furnished by the Camp Anza dance orchestra, and from all reports, a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Officers in New Positions

"Zip" extends best wishes to Lt. W. A. Forbes and Capt. C. C. Wright in their new positions. Lt. Forbes is now Post Adjutant, Capt. Wright, Director of Administration.

New Courses Offered to G. I.s

Enrollments in a new course in Administration for Army personnel are being taken at the Riverside Junior College, Terracina Drive, Room 15, Classics building.

The course will extend for four weeks, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights of each week, from 1900 to 2100. A four weeks' typing course will also be opened at the same time.

For additional courses, all persons interested are requested to see the Director of the Riverside Junior College Night School, Mr. O. W. Noble, in room 101, Riverside J. C., on September 27, at 1900.

— LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS —

ASTC Show Smash Hit

To the music of the jumpiest, jiviest group in the country today, Freddy Slack and his band, one of the greatest collection of stars to show anywhere, played to a capacity crowd at the Arlington Sp. Tng. Cen. Thursday night.

Every act was outstanding, though for me Martha Raye was "tops." Her antics throughout the show, and in skits with Cully Richards, had everybody howling, and her singing stopped the show cold. Martha puts "everything" into her work and how the boys love and appreciate her.

Beautiful Lena Horne did four songs and got a wonderful reception for her artistry. She is the "best." The Condos Bros. were sensational in their interpretation of the modern "boogie woogie" dances. Those boys really have rhythm in their feet.

Others who scored heavily were clever Dean Murphy with his impersonations of different celebrities, Peggy Goodwin and Barney Bagard, soloists with Freddy Slack, and Pfc. Joe Tobin of the Arlington S. T. C.

Anza Officers Win In Softball, 16-10

Before an enthusiastic turnout, the Camp Anza Officer's softball team beat the ASTC Officer's team in a thrilling game, Tuesday afternoon, September 21. It was a see-saw battle all the way, until the last half of the sixth inning when Anza pushed nine runs across the home plate to cinch the outcome.

Outstanding feature of the game was the slugging of Lts. Feld, Ashmore and Putterman, and the snappy fielding and base running of Lt. Minard. W. O. O'Mara covered first base like a tent, and was also officially credited with stealing second base. Lt. Brock came up with the most sensational play of the game in the fourth inning. With the bases loaded, he dashed from his short-fielder's position and made an almost impossible catch of a looping fly down the third base line. In the same motion he wheeled and whipped the ball to second base to complete a double play and end the threat.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Holidays Loom for Personnel of Jewish Faith

The Jewish New Year holiday (Rosh Hashonah) begins at sundown, Wednesday, September 29, and ends at sundown on Friday, October 1. The Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur) begins at sundown, Friday, October 8, and continues until sundown of the following day.

Military personnel of the Jewish faith desiring passes for the holidays may apply for same through their Detachments.

— ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS —

Attention, Masons!

Loyalty Lodge No. 529 F.&A.M., 1308 South New Hampshire, Los Angeles, will convene Tuesday evening, October 5, 1943, at 7:15 o'clock to confer the Third Degree of Masonry on a member of the armed forces. All Master Masons are cordially invited to attend.

The original famous radio jamboree, WLS 'Barn Dance' presented by USO - Camp Shows as "Speak Up", will make its appearance at Anza Friday, October 1, in Theater No. 1.

One of the oldest coast-to-coast radio shows, this aggregation of famous radio personalities promises to be chock full of music, mirth and hilarity.

You'll be considered fortunate if you see it, and you will indeed be sorry if you don't. So be on hand to welcome this fine display of talented artists.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

Scoop . . . Sextuplets Born in Camp

Surprising even her foster papa, Sgt. McCune, who really "sweated out" until the pups came, Lady, the Casual Detachment's mascot, relieved all the members of the detachment by finally giving birth to six whining little beauties last week.

Lady, the pups, and Sgt. McCune are all doing well. Visiting hours from 6:00 to 8:00 nightly under barracks 417 at the Casual Detachment. McCune personally will display the little bundles of canine cuteness.

It's a dog's life—ain't it?

— BUY WAR BONDS —

Service Club Features For Coming Week

Monday, a leathercraft class will be conducted by Miss Ruth Meyer from 7:30 'til 9:00 p.m.

Tuesday, a bridge tournament will be held from 8:00 'til 10:00 p.m., with prizes offered.

Thursday — everybody plays "Bingo" from 8:00 'til 10:00 p.m. More prizes.

— ZIP-A-LIP —

New Promotions

Congratulations to former Captains A. W. Anderson and J. Cumarelas who have been promoted to the rank of Major.



Editor

1ST. LT. A. W. MINARD

Associate Editors

PVT. ELI BELL

PVT. THOMAS J. GROGAN

Anza Zip is printed by Rubidoux Printing Company, a civilian enterprise, in the interests of national defense.

VOL. 1, NO. 33 SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

Stop that Leak!

Each one of us, enlisted man, officer and civilian worker serving our government, has been entrusted with certain information, and the responsibility of maintaining it has been left to our integrity and intelligence. This information in itself is not particularly valuable, but let it be revealed and reach the wrong person, bit by bit it can cleverly be evaluated and translated into action resulting in loss of Allied lives and money.

Even so, every day, everywhere, and most of all in letters to friends and relatives, matters of a confidential and secret nature are being discussed. All of us have been taught what "security" means, and explanations given us of what and why we should not reveal through conversation or writing matters of military doings. As intelligent soldiers we are entrusted with secrets which are not ours but the Army's. Yet we abuse the confidence shown us by unwittingly letting these secrets slip out.

This leakage of information must stop. You owe it to yourself and your government to keep your lips zipped and your pen dry where these matters are concerned. Instinctive security mindedness should become second nature, and when you automatically shut up like a clam whenever strangers or any unauthorized person tries to get you to discuss your work, or what you know, then you are on the right track.

Remember, it's just "Five Minutes to Berlin . . . Ten Minutes to Tokyo." That is all the time it requires for agents to transmit vital information to our enemies. You may be one of the many who is unwittingly assisting those agents. "Zip a Lip" and help "Safeguard Military Information."

—ZIP-A-LIP—

Miami, Fla. (CNS) — T/Sgt. Frank Kozak of Carbondale, Pa. arrived here from Africa recently with a story of how the crews of two Liberator bombers deliberately sacrificed their lives by diving their planes into Ploesti oil field targets.

Sgt. Kozak, a crewman on a Liberator, said that the two planes almost out of control, were aimed at vital targets in a suicide dive by their pilots, who made the sacrifice "to shorten the war." One plane hit and destroyed a refinery and the other shattered an important cracking plant, he said.

Anza Antics . . .

Stuff and Guff About the Guys in the Next Tent

* * *

TC THE BIG NOISE and event of the past week was the beer party (or bust) held by the TC Detachment for its members. Things started quietly and the party was honored by several officers, among them Colonel Sarles, Captains Hatfield and LaPoint, Lt. Glick, and others. After they left, however, the lid blew off, and the boys settled down to have some fun, kind of rowdy, but nice clean fun. T/4 Gene Rawding, among other things, was enticed into the shower room and given a shower, without the boys going to the trouble of taking off his clothes. T/5 Harold Kamp was cooled off with a bucket or two of water; and that fellow looking for his bed around 2 o'clock in the wee hours of the morning was none other than 1st/Sgt. Buckman. He finally found it, tucked neatly under the barracks. Compliments to Pfc. "Acting 1st/Sgt." Leo King, who saw to it that the boys had all the beer they cared to guzzle. Yes, sir, all in all, the party turned out to be a huge success. . . . Either Sgt. Frank Olsen is having a lot of trouble with his teeth or some other attraction must be pulling him down to the dental clinic, judging from the number of trips he has been taking down there lately. . . . The stork paid another visit, and now Pvt. "Ike" Norman, is strutting around as the papa of a husky, howling boy. Mama and baby came through the ordeal fine, which is a lot more than can be said for Ike. . . . Pfc. Richard "Johnny" Johnson took several of his pals out for a motorboat ride at the outing at Balboa, and had them gasping for breath at his dexterity in handling the boat. He didn't tell them till later that it was the first time he had ever driven one, otherwise they surely would have jumped overboard to swim for safety. . . . Pvt. Harry Higgins, who has been hustled from one job to another, believes that he has struck a "home" finally at Operations. Anyway, he isn't taking any more bets that he will be moved again before the end of the month. . . . The hardest fact to believe is that shown on Pvt. Fred "Alabam" Lewis's fancy new pass. It states 210 lbs., which in the opinion of most of his pals is as truthful as an overweight woman giving her tonnage.

—by Cpl. Roland Bozzi

* * *

Medics JUST ABOUT the sixth of October is the time for you to paste on your mustache and sideburns, have Klingler and Venters press your pants and make your way to a Medical Detachment party. I know that it is going to be the best party in the world, except of course, the one you went to when you were seventeen and played post office and drank rubbing alcohol from a thimble. No doubt Romeo Korolia will be there and also Cpl. Roberson the lip-stick kid. The thing to do is to ask your girl-friend to ask her mother if she can go or not. If she says no, take her anyway, and if she says yes, take her mother instead. Anyway, I'll be looking for you and will meet you under the sandwich table or behind a barrel. . . . If you look close enough, you will see that the strict and sure diet of Dolgoffs is doing things. One pound of meat and muscle is missing. One chin has vanished. Pvt. Hendon got his hair cut twelve times the other day. Somebody said they saw Sgt. Hobson dancing with an Indian at a dance the other night. And Pvt. Quinn is back again from the other week. The Conrad special is dry docked with a seven day anchor. But by the time you read this, Warren and the L. A. gang will be rowing home in the tug again. Everybody else has been either too good or too bad which naturally makes them and keeps them happy, but not famous. Someday I must go over to the Dispensary and see what goes on. I would never have thought of it if Sgt. Breznak hadn't penned his letter to the editor. Now I could write ten or eleven good sentences in answer to him. But eight are enough:

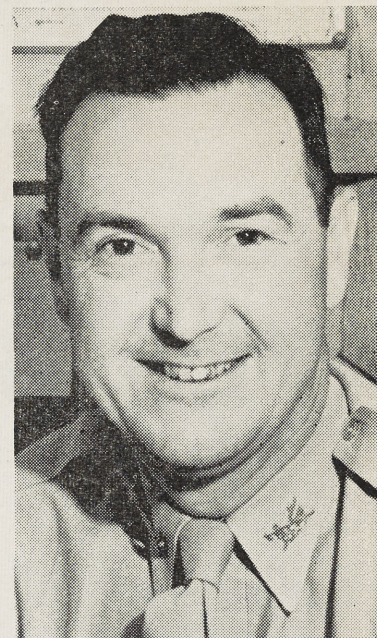
What critics say of writers
Is honestly a fright;
But all those fellows do is read,
They don't know how to write.

It has been my one ambition
Since old enough to vote,
To read a pretty poem or two
That some dumb critic wrote.

—by S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

(Cont. on Page 3)

Zip Presents!



Capt. C. A. Thomas,
Judge Advocate

A native of Illinois, the Captain was born in Genoa, and received his primary schooling in Belvedere. His ambition throughout younger days was to be a lawyer and this was realized upon his graduation from Creighton University in 1922 with a degree in law.

Though most young attorneys apprentice for practical experience in established law firms, the Captain, against advices, hung out his shingle in Rockford, Ill. immediately upon graduating, and prepared to wait out the probationary period, as he put it, that every young lawyer on his own goes through. His judgment was correct for within a short time he had developed a successful practice. Though a general practitioner, the Captain specialized in trial and appellate court work, and it was at this that he earned a reputation for himself. So much so that for eight years he acted as Assistant Attorney General for the State of Illinois.

A veteran of World War No. 1, the Captain was active in American Legion affairs, and for seven years was Judge Advocate of the Legion and Forty & Eight. He has been cited for outstanding work done at their numerous conventions.

Active in other circles, the Captain is a long standing member of the Elks (B.P.O.E.) in which organization he has held the title of Exalted Ruler.

It was in November, 1942, that the Captain volunteered his services to the Army, and was granted the commission he now holds. On Christmas day, 1942, he reported for duty and was sent to the Army Judge Advocate School at Ann Arbor, Mich. Three months

(Cont. on Page 3)

The "T. C."

The Transportation Corps, replacing the Transportation Service was established by General Orders No. 38, July 31, 1942. This measure placed the Transportation Corps on the same basis as other services within the Army Service Forces, such as the Quartermaster Corps, and the Ordnance Department.

Although only a year old, it has been developed to such great strength that wherever our Armed Forces are engaging the enemy, you will find the T. C. doing its share to help make victory possible.

From points of origin to final destination, the Transportation Corps is following through in one great concentrated operation to fulfill the mission of the Army Service Forces "Enough and On Time."

The functions of this Corps include directing, supervising and coordinating all transportation functions of the War Department and the operating of all ports of embarkation staging areas and holding and reconsignment stations for overseas shipments.

The motto, "Enough and On Time," often means all the drive energy and will which knows no despair, that men attuned to their highest character can give.

Such is the spirit reflected by its members all around the world wherever the name of the Transportation Corps is known. Whether it is backing Patton in Italy, MacArthur in New Guinea, Buckner in the Aleutians or speeding the flow of Russian supplies through the Persian corridor, the dominant sense of urgency rules.

Sometimes they get medals and citations as did our railway troops in Tunisia. Always they are as essential as the men firing the machine guns or flying the airplanes overhead. All carry their heads high, and with eyes alight and proud heart sing their Transportation Corps marching song.

— BUY WAR BONDS —

He's an American Soldier

Some day, if God is with him, he'll come home.

And when he does, you'll get the biggest thrill of your life if you can look him squarely in the eye and say, "I couldn't help you fight—but I did everything in my power to help you win!"

There's only one way you can say that . . . honestly say it. And that is to help him win now . . . when he needs all the help you can give him.

Today's particular job for you is to scrape together every dollar you can—and buy an extra \$100 worth of War Bonds! That's your job in the 3rd War Loan!

It's not enough to buy your regular amount of Bonds. It has to be more.

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 2)

MPs SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT at Anza: With the arrival of the eleven o'clock buses from Arlington and Riverside, a transfixion takes place as definite and real as is night from day. Irrespective of the fact that a severe shortage exists in the line of Spiritus Fermenti, several of the boys testify mutely, by their unsteadiness of gait, that Americans usually get what they go after. Others after a night spent with sweethearts or wives, sometimes not their own, engage in the art of bankroll exchanging as governed by the intricacies of the numbered cubes. In either case there is bound to be a demand for seditives on awakening. To enliven the gathering there is always the old reliable "Latrinogram Session" held first in a hushed and guarded tone, gradually rising to a crescendo of unintelligible assertions, none of which have an iota of concrete foundation. Yet above this riotous confusion can be heard the strains of the "Latrine Four," Tully, Chamberlain, Powers, and Latina. As the hour grows late, the noise diminishes, gradually to be superseded by the occasional howling of Lady, the M.P. mascot, venting her resentment of some fugitive from Lockheed—smart dog that Lady. With the coming of dawn and reveille comes the oft spoken but seldom kept statement, "Never again for me, I'm going to stay in camp next Saturday night." . . . Due to carelessness on the part of one of my informants, I am forced to retract a statement made last week. Joseph Scarpetta's trailer love didn't move out definitely, she just went to Los Angeles for a couple of days to file for her old age pension. Be careful about those things, Fraina.

—by Cpl. Bernard Mitchell

* * *

Officers REMEMBER? Who could forget? There they sat smiling and laughing, trying hard to hide that little pang, that inevitable heart tug, as they looked around those luncheon tables in the Officers' Club at their many friends. They were the nurses with whom we had had such a long pleasant association, a comaraderie, if you will. Anza was, is, and always will be close to them—and so will we. . . . And now with the nursing ranks being decimated, Col. Sarles suggested that Lt. Roos be permanently assigned to the obstetrical ward. . . . There's a natural follow-up of Roos' natural interest in a natural phenomena. . . . The meal went to waste (mustn't mention the menu—OPA is around the corner) as far as Lts. Gainer, Nicola and Prescott were concerned. . . . Gainer gazed at Lutz and munched his pickle, Nicola beamed at Lee and forgot his ice cream, while Prescott deployed one hand in Gardner's and with the other kept pouring beefsteak sauce in his coffee. Lt. Midulla said nights would be oh so lonely—but was he enjoying his loneliness as he dug into that juicy, tender, luscious—again and again!!! Nurse Sill speaking for the departing nurses topped it off when she said that the head on that Blue Ribbon Malt (there's a free plug Groucho) made them all feel very near home. Ancient history. Remember? . . . It used to be Capt. Anderson and Capt. Cumareles. It's Major now. . . . Coming and going. . . . Capt. Bone's returned to report that his scientific lecture tour through the mid-west on the symptomatology of Bone's disease was a howling success. Now that he's back, the Medics are awaiting an S.G.O. letter elucidating on the pitfalls of an intimate association with Spado, the black-eyed queen. . . . Lt. Miksicek, purveyor and keeper of ward ten, has gone back to Missouri to forget about it all for a while. In his absence, ward ten will still be open to visitors with incoherent hangovers. Flash Gordon will be the keeper of the keys. . . . And Tennessee is giving its keys to Major Maness. If they aren't, they should. The Major deserves the keys to every state in the union. Headed for home. . . . Lt. Head headed back to Anza the other morning, a-puffing and a-panting, just in time for a quick sip of coffee and a complaint. Some officers want everything. . . . Thanks for reading.

—by Capt. Fred E. Maisel, M. C.

* * *

QMs IT SEEMS as though Sgt. Brue likes to have his finger nails manicured by a certain young lady in the Warehouse. He really does it in style too. He takes his shoes off during the whole procedure. . . . Pfc. John Komar wants to know how a stuffed teddy bear got into his bed this morning. Boy, was he scared. . . . We welcome Sgt. Richard N. Haist back to Camp Anza. We also hope that he likes his new position as supply sergeant. . . . The QM's will soon be able to boast about the lawn they have in front of their orderly room. There isn't another lawn like it anywhere in camp. Does

(Cont. on Page 4)

Chaplain's Corner . . .

Chaplain Jeremiah F. Nemecek

DECALOGUE

In Greek the word 'deka' means 'ten'; 'logos' means 'word.' The Decalogue or Ten Commandments of God are ten precepts bearing on the fundamental obligations of religion and morality, and embodying the revealed expression of the Creator's will in relation to man's whole duty to God and to his fellow creatures. Written by God on two tables of stone, they were given directly to Moses on Mt. Sinai, and by him made the ground-work of the Mosaic Law. The first three concern our love and worship of God; the others concern the love of neighbor and justice due him.

Meditate frequently upon these fundamental precepts, that they may be written indelibly on our hearts and help us not only to know the Divine Precepts, but also to do the Will of God.

— YOUR BEST BUY . . . BONDS —

Capt. C. A. Thomas, Judge Advocate

(Cont. from Page 2)

later he graduated and was ordered to duty at Camp Anza.

Here, besides the duties of Judge Advocate, he is Director of Legal Assistance at Anza and Legal Assistance Officer for the Arlington Special Training Center, and also serves as a member of the Army Emergency Relief Board. It has been said of him that he will never turn a man away until the particular problem is solved completely to that person's benefit. For this, and his always understanding manner, he is one of the most respected and appreciated officers on the post.

A devoted family man, the Captain resides in Riverside with his wife and three children, but is awaiting the day the war is over so that he can return to Rockford and resume his practice.

Though Anza is the only post he has served on, the Capt. swears by it. He said his associations with both the officers and the E. M. have been most pleasant. He particularly praised the cooperative manner of the officers which has immeasurably helped to make his job easier.

— LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS —

Southwest Pacific (CNS)—Marine PFC Norman Peterson of Atlanta, Mich., built a still of empty cans, kegs, and a steel coil from a wrecked bomber. Into the still he poured canned peaches and the resulting concoction, says Peterson, "was the best peach brandy in the Solomons."

Reader's Column . . .

MURDER IN THE JUNGLE or YOU GET THEM EVERY YEAR

He was at a camp at Munda
Or in Burma by the bay,
And the enemy was nearer
Than a night is near to day.

They came in lines of fifty
And were stripped down to the waist;
To shoot a cussing enemy
Was a thing to do in haste.

He had to shoot a human
And he had to do it quick;
For to hesitate and ponder
Was a low and rotten trick.

Was hard to shoot a simple one
Who had no wish to die;
But there were others to be shot,
He'd hurry with this guy.

And so he aimed and nervously
He eyed the proper spot;
Then with a grin and an upward blow
He gave the Typhoid shot.
—S/Sgt. Robert Tesmer

Friday night, September 17th, the L.A.P.E., "free gratis," put on a show for the enlisted men and officers of our camp. The members of their troupe devoted much time to the rehearsal and staging of this revue, and travelled 60 miles each way in order to entertain us.

In the midst of several of the different numbers, men from our camp jumped to their feet and noisily shuffled out, some of them talking, and not in undertones. Conduct of that sort is shameful and reflects on the entire camp. Certainly those performers were due a little respect and courtesy in recognition of their efforts.

If you must leave during a program, do so quietly, and between numbers. Neither the announcement of the last act, or the reaching of the climax in a movie, are signals for a general exodus. Occurrences of that sort not only spoil the show for others, but brand Camp Anza audiences as being unappreciative of the efforts of the entertainers appearing here for our enjoyment.

—Jo Vaughn.

DON'T SINK A SHIP

And now in this wild, modern world
That's overrun with hate and strife
A careless word at random hurled
May cost some soldier boy his life.
So let's be cautious when we speak,
Let's keep the zipper on our lip
And haste the victory we seek
For careless words can sink a ship.
—Submitted by Lt. W. M. Easton

Anza Antics . . .

(Cont. from Page 3)

anyone wish to compete with us? . . . Well, "Three Day Pass" Kelsey is back from another one and just a-rippin' and a-rarin' to go—on another 3 day jaunt. Glad to see you back. . . . Rumor has it around camp that Sgt. Vesper Parris' woman very gently and quietly (!!!) threw his 89c engagement ring smacko right in his face when he arrived home on furlough. His "buddies" were all sorry to hear about it and wish they could do something to cheer him up. . . . Why is it that Cpl. Harold Nugent is the only man on the drill field whose left foot is where his right should be every time. Very peculiar deformity. . . . Why was T/4 Bill "Cosmolene" Maharidge so disgusted the other P. M. when, after removing about ten gallons of the gooey stuff from some guns, T/4 J. J. Thompson told him that it wasn't necessary? . . . Pvt. James Duda is a mighty pretty fellow now that he has a new set of G. I. chompers. Oh, yes, the Pepsodent and the Colgate companies are fighting over him to get a picture for their 1944 ads. Clack! . . . S/Sgt. Lloyd (Moe) Klaskin has finally decided, after weeks of deliberation, to turn over half interest of his famous "black-snake" whip to T/3 Frank (Himmler) Godlewski after his magnificent work in keeping the boys hopping on the old drill field. Godel has it in the mornings and Klaskin in the afternoons. . . . Seems as all of a sudden that S/Sgt. Thomas Walck and Pfc. George Sorensen are the best of pals and Sorensen gets all the easy jobs. It all happened when the Sgt. got a gander at a picture of a good looking gal who, fortunately, turned out to be George's sister. Umm! . . . This free mail business is certainly getting a big play from Cpl. Francis Eugene (Lil Phil) Lees lately. Little Lena from up Berkeley way is going to make a lovely bride for Lil Phil come November and boy will the postmen be happy. . . . How come that Pfc. Kenneth Venditto is so willing to take over the C. Q. duties of S/Sgt. Klaskin on a certain Sunday to come? Could it be that a certain blonde is to be there the same day? Oh, well, Klaskin is a married man anyhow.

—by 1st Sgt. LeRoy Westervelt

* * *

Svce. Det. THE BOYS in the "Det" sure did enjoy their trip to the beach last Friday. . . . There was "plenty of food" an' "plenty of salt water." . . . and boys it was "plenty cold." . . . Pvt. E. C. (hi are you) Blake is Mr. Blake by now; lucky guy got hon disch. . . . Pfc. Hill sure has his hands full with both of his girl friends marrying on him. . . . But he is not going to let that worry him. . . . He has a little "Doll" in Riverside that is going to make him forget he ever had another girl friend, (so he says) . . . We all have been wondering how Pvt. James Holt can go to Riverside every night with nothing but "bus fare" in his pocket and stay all night? . . . His wife is not here. . . . What do he have that the other boys haven't? (Could it be looks?) . . . Pvt. Earnest (Pee Wee) Tucker with his lies sure have been missed around camp. . . . But they haven't heard any lies yet . . . Wait till the 28th of this month. . . . Pvt. Tucker will return after spending 15 days at home. . . . Pvt. Thomas (Riverside) Skull says . . . "All the boys that wants to have some sporting fun with a sweet young lady better come along with him Sunday (confidentially)" Her name is Miss Carol Monroe, (the mother to Pvt. Skull) . . . I feel sorry for all the cooks. The poor fellows are about to worry themselves to death . . . about who is going to cook in the "New Mess Hall" . . . Out of the so-called cooks, "which one can cook!"

—by Cpl. James S. Henderson

* * *

Civilians FIRE CHIEF RENCK'S new pastime is playing with the PX electric fly trap. . . . "Sleepy" Shobe is quite an ardent reader of father draft news items. . . . Lillian Shure wishing she could wear a fur coat! . . . Mary Sarles telling a certain jokester over the telephone to "shut-up" . . . "Boy wonder" Lt. Head and his new wolf-wagon, which he calls the Mayflower. (Wonder if that's because it's a Puritan) . . . Cup-cake Chris Johnson filing her life away . . . Lorna Earl of the payroll section never forgetting to wear flowers in her hair . . . Dot Dunbar searching madly for a midget adding-machine. . . . Marie "Baby-face" Bergin looking so forlorn. . . . Evelyn Middleton, the girl with the come-hither look. . . . Brenta Conrad, forever drinking water. . . . Customer on the phone calling Mrs. Thorne "Sugar-plum". . . . We've found another southern accent as charming as Em McEvoy's. Belongs to Corinne Roos. . . . P. S. Elsie Randall is still keeping headquarters informed with the latest gossip. . . .

—by Jess Webber

Did You Know That . . .

You are invited to make free use of the 5700 books in your Service Club library. Miss Carmichael, your librarian, Mrs. Watson, assistant librarian, and Mrs. Todd, are working together to give you the best of library service, to help you learn to use the books easily and to answer every possible question you might ask.

If the book collection now available does not answer your need, the librarian will see that the proper material is procured.

Every effort is being made to make the library a place to afford you pleasure, stimulation and relaxation, and no matter what your reading taste may be, this is a fine place to gratify it.

The reading room is open from 8:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. every day in the week and a library card may be obtained by securing an application card and having your Detachment Commander sign it. Any book may be kept for a two week period with the privilege of a renewal for another two weeks. No fines are charged for keeping the book beyond the stated period, but you may be depriving a fellow soldier from enjoying the same book by not turning it in promptly.

The library has a complete selection of all the leading popular magazines, newspapers and trade journals.

A cordial welcome awaits your visit to the Service Club library.

—LET'S "ALL" BUY BONDS—

Theatre Notes

SATURDAY (Sept. 25)—"Holy Matrimony" with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. (Humor and satire in the hands of two experts—Jr. says go!) And another of those super-lousy Terry-Toons—damn it!

SUNDAY & MONDAY (Sept. 26 & 27)—"Wintertime" with Sonja Heine, Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero. (Sonja makes with the skates and the usual plot). Community Sing and a Pathe News.

TUESDAY (Sept. 28)—"Fired Wife" with Robert Paige and Louise Allbritton. (Neat little sophisticated comedy—and from Universal!!!)

WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY (Sept. 29 & 30)—"Sahara" with Humphrey Bogart and Dan Duryea. (Adventures of a tankcrew who get detached from their outfit). Merrie Melodie and the usual Pathe News.

FRIDAY (Oct. 1)—USO-Camp Shows presents the WLS Barn Dance. (See page 1).

—ARE "YOU" BUYING BONDS—

Thanks for the many reader contributions. Limited space prevented printing all this week, but look for yours in coming issues.